

SHRIMP!

THE MONSTER HORROR MAGAZINE MAY/50¢

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WHICH IS THE BEST
"HORROR HAG?"

VINCENT PRICE
SOVEREIGN OF THE SINISTER
THE FLESH EATERS
TERRIBLE TRUTH ABOUT WITCHCRAFT
GIRL-VAMPIRE
SECRET OF BLOOD ISLAND
DIE, DIE, MY DARLING
HARAKIRI



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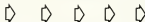
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HERE IS the first issue of a great new Monster Horror Magazine SHRIEK. Within these pages, you will find terror—the menace of witch, warlock, and flesh-eater, the lurking fear of the undead, the horror of man's inhumanity to man.

What are the people who you see in horror films really like? To answer that question, *Shriek* has asked that Sovereign of the Sinister, Vincent Price, to tell something of himself. And we sought out the famous stage queen, Tallulah Bankhead, who follows Joan Crawford and Bette Davis into horror movies, for her views on horror films. Both of these wonderful people came through for us magnificently!

Shriek also gives you a full-length picture supplement of the latest Hammer film, *The Secret of Blood Island*.

In an educational mood, *Shriek* offers the first part of a history of horror movies, which in places is nearly as weird as the films themselves.

Now read on **BUT NOT AT NIGHT!**

Edited by Frank N. Stein.

Picture research by Robin Benn.

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THE FLESH EATERS

Cast:

Peter Bartell, MARTIN KOSLECK
Jan Letterman, BARBARA WILKIN
Grant Murdock, BYRON SANDERS
Laura Winters, RITA MORLEY
Omar, RAY TUDOR.

Writer and co-producer, ARNOLD DRAKE
Director, co-producer and editor, JACK CURTIS

hideous, mysterious, gorging themselves on human flesh, come

THE FLESH-EATERS

A TEEN-AGE couple is playing on the deck of a small yacht. The girl jumps into the water to avoid his playful attack, but as he tries to grab her, her bathing top comes away in his hand. He dives in after her. Suddenly the girl screams as both of them disappear below the dark, whirling waters.

Grant Murdock is flying Laura Winters, an alcoholic film star, and her secretary, Jan Letterman, in a seaplane to Cape Cod, but a storm forces them to land on a small coastal island, where they meet Professor Bartell a marine biologist who claims to be seeking crustacea specimens on the deserted sands. On the way to his tent they are terrified to find a human skeleton washed up on the shore, one hand gripping the top of a bathing costume.

Farther along the beach, Bartell has discovered a horrifying sight... hundreds of fish skeletons washed up from the sea. This chilling sight seems to please him, and, unnoticed by the others, he unties their plane's mooring line and pushes it out to sea. When he finds the plane gone, Grant blames Laura for it, thinking she must have released the line in one of her drunken stupors.

Grant later rescues Laura from a rock where she has been surrounded by the bubbling flesh-eaters and Bartell has to gouge some of the creatures from Grant's leg with his hunting knife.

The professor announces that the island is surrounded by a new form of life, which only consumes protein, and will destroy anything that comes between it and its food. Their only hope of escape is to leave with a supply boat which is due to arrive in two days' time... if they are still alive to leave. But it is almost immediately that another visitor arrives: a beatnik floats ashore on a homemade raft. He believes himself to be a new

messiah, and is floating through life looking for disciples. Now this island has five prisoners.

Grant discovers a huge solar battery, hidden in a sand bowl at the island's highest point, when Bartell suddenly arrives and explains it as an experimental model he is testing for one of his colleagues. He then claims he has discovered a means of destroying the flesh-eaters. In his tent, the four watch with fear as Bartell sends a charge of electricity through a jar filled with flesh-eaters, and the creatures sink lifelessly beneath the water. The group make plans, and using two large reels of wire they decide to string it along the beach to perform a mass electrocution of the flesh-eaters in the sea. Alone in his tent, Bartell makes notes; and then, as he waits, the flesh-eaters in the jar come back to life. This is what Bartell had planned... not killing them, but stunning them into inactivity.

A roar of a motor boat sends him rushing from the tent with a rifle... it is the supply boat which has arrived two days early. He aims carefully at the boat, then, as ocean spray sweeps over the boat's hull the navigator is consumed by the flesh eaters. Bartell rejoins the others, who see their last chance of escape gone. Then Grant realizes that if they can clear the beach electrically, they can sail off on the beatnik's raft. While they work on stringing wire along the beach Bartell suggests to the beatnik that he stop for a drink.

Bartell carefully puts several flesh eaters into the beatnik's glass and disguises their presence by adding soda water. The youth drinks and dies an agonizing death as the creatures eat their way through him. Bartell records his death screams, then lishes the beatnik's corpse to the mast of the raft and pushes it out

to sea, with his cries coming from the tape recorder, so that when the rest of the group dash back to investigate the cries they see what they think is the beatnik sailing out to sea screaming in pain, as he apparently is eaten alive by the creatures. Bartell claims that he had attempted to escape on his own.

Laura discovers that the creatures in the tent have come back to life, and sensing some sinister plan on the part of Bartell she decides to entice him. He pretends to succumb, and as they lie on the ground he drives his hunting knife into the ribs of the woman who knew too much. He buries her in a shallow grave and dashes off to join the others before he is missed. In his rush he fails to notice a hand rising slowly from the grave...

Grant is deeply suspicious of Bartell now, and Bartell, realizing he can no longer fool them, pulls a gun on them and sets about telling them his real purpose.

He says he was one of a group of scientists sent to Germany by the United States government to look into Nazi war efforts in different fields of science. Being the only marine biologist in the group, he discovered that the Nazis had succeeded in creating a new form of life—the flesh-eaters. They had planned to use these to attack the entire Atlantic coast of the United States, but the device that was dropped from a U-boat, and was meant to fire the creatures into the water, apparently met with some mechanical mishap. So Bartell destroyed the papers he found and returned to America, to wait and see if this device would finally emit the flesh-

The remains of the navigator of the supply boat, after he has been consumed by the flesh-eaters.



eaters into the sea. As years passed, reports of fantastic fish plagues came from Florida, then Georgia and so on northwards, and Bartell knew that the flesh-eaters were on their way and was able to predict exactly when they would arrive at this deserted island. He explains that he is now able to stun the creatures into a condition safe enough for them to be stored in lead containers. This secret weapon he estimates will be worth millions to any one of the world powers. He commands Jan to bring the lead containers from his tent while Grant completes the task of electrifying the creatures on the beach.

But while Bartell has been talking, a change has come over the creatures in the tent. A cancerous, slimy shape has begun to form and this horror slops from the jar, wraps its tentacles around the parrot cage, and consumes the bird. Jan discovers this terrifying thing, and rushes out to warn the others not to continue with the electrification but she is too late. Bartell refuses to believe her story until the thing comes crashing through the tent and he fires insanely at the approaching creature. Bartell realizes that even if they escape this one, there is a monster many hundred times larger taking shape in the waters that they have electrified. Bartell raises his gun to use his three remaining bullets to kill Grant, Jan and himself, but suddenly there is a ghastly moan and he looks up to see the staggering, bloodied body of Laura holding her bleeding ribs with one hand, and his hunting knife in the other. As she tries to stab him, he fires his remaining three bullets at her and pushes her body toward the approaching monster. . . .

Now the climax is at hand, and it is the body of the murdered Laura which furnishes the clue to the one weakness of the flesh-eaters. Will the others be able to make use of it, as the horrors roll on toward them?



Bartell comes across a skeleton washed up, one hand clutching the top of a woman's bathing costume.



Bartell deposits flesh-eaters in the beatnik's drink. The youth dies in agony as the creatures eat their way through him.



Bartell uses his hunting knife on Laura, who has learned too much.



A ghastly moan . . . Bartell looks up to see Laura, staggering, bloody, holding the hunting knife in her hand.



Bartell, Grant, and Jan face the monster emerging from the sea.



The victim rises from the sand, covered with creatures which are beginning to consume him.

when it comes to death-it's

HEADS YOU LOSE



HEADS YOU LOSE/I

Two on a Guillotine

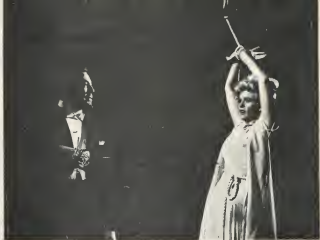
A SWORD plunges into the heavily-bound figure of Melinda Duquesne. A theater audience screams, and as the lights go up Melinda and her husband, John Hanley 'Duke' Duquesne (Duquesne the World's Greatest Illusionist) take a bow to thunderous applause. Later, in their dressing room, a conversation is in progress, centered on a Marie Antoinette costume which has arrived for Melinda, to be worn in a new guillotine act. In this role, Melinda, is to reenact the famous beheading. Duquesne tries to demonstrate the machine, but the blade doesn't fall; his agent, Sheridan, gives it a kick and the blade comes flashing down...

Twenty years later, Duquesne's daughter, Cassie, has developed into an attractive woman. She is on her way to her father's funeral, and riding in a bus she reads a newspaper story headed: "Duquesne Last Rites Today," and beneath is "Illusionist of Yesteryear Vows Return from the Grave!"

At the funeral the minister offers his sympathy to Cassie. She moves to the casket to look, and then recoils in horror for the upper part of the coffin has a glass window through which she can see the waxen face of her father in death. Sheridan, now graying, and Dolly, who had been nursemaid to Cassie as a child, are struck by the resemblance of Cassie to her mother, who had disappeared twenty years before. Duquesne's coffin is wrapped and locked in chains and lowered into the grave. To the reporters, this is just a gimmick to attract publicity to his press statement vowing a return from the grave to prove his belief in a Life after Death.

After leaving the cemetery, Cassie meets a young reporter Val Henderson, with whom she rides back into town. Val returns to his office to find out more details about the Duquesnes and learns how the wife had disappeared without trace, how the great illusionist had gone into complete retirement, and how Cassie, who never really knew her father, had been brought up by an aunt.

The reading of Duquesne's will takes place on the stage of the Hollywood Bowl, a ceremony as macabre as that of the funeral. Cassie is willed the entire estate of her father on the condition that she must live in Duquesne's mansion for seven nights, during which time her fa-



Duquesne, the Great Illusionist, starts one of his most sensational tricks, as he prepares to plunge a sword into the rope-bound body of his wife, Melinda.



Melinda is terrified as Duquesne demonstrates his guillotine.



Duquesne's guillotine was to have been used in a new act. But the public never sees it, and he goes into solitary retirement, leaving a mystery behind him.

ther's spirit will return and make its presence known to Cassie. Should she fail in this task, the estate would then be divided between Dolly and Sheridan.

Val, who has overheard the reading, offers to drive Cassie to the mansion but she declines. In spite of this snub, he is at the Duquesne mansion when she arrives, but again she snubs him and enters the house. A scream of terror from her brings Val running into the house, and they agree that Val will sleep there for the night, until the housekeeper arrives the next day. But when she arrives, the housekeeper is there only a short while before she has a terrifying experience which sends her from the house. Val takes Cassie on a day trip to the Pacific Ocean Park, and then tries to persuade her not to return to the mansion, fearing she may lose her sanity or meet with a serious accident.

That evening Cassie and Val are sitting before the fireplace when a wild scream echoes from an upper floor. They rush upstairs and find Dolly suffering from shock, claiming to have seen Duquesne. Val suspects that Dolly and Sheridan are involved in a plot to drive Cassie from the house as they would then inherit the estate. Val leaves to try to solve the mystery for himself.

Cassie is left alone in the house, and during the night is awakened by a terrifying nightmare. She tries to reach Val on the phone to beg him to return. As she waits, her blood congeals when the figure of Duquesne, dressed immaculately in his stage clothes of tails, white-tie and cape, appears on the balcony near the head of the stairs...

Cassie Duquesne

CONNIE STEVENS

Val Henderson

DEAN JONES

John Hanley 'Duke' Duquesne

CESAR ROMERO

Cassie, (as a girl)

DENISE MONROE

Dolly Bast

VIRGINIA GREGG

Buzz Sheridan

PARLEY BAER

Carl Vickers, JOHN HOYT

Mrs. Ramona Ryerdon

CONNIE GILCHRIST

Joe Russell

ROBERT ADLER

Directed by WILLIAM CONRAD.

Distributed by Warner Bros.





Cassie is awakened by a nightmare, and runs terrified through the sinister house.

Cassie encounters horror at her late father's mansion, where she must stay, by the terms of his will, in order to inherit.

Duquesne's secret lies in this head, over which he is bending, grief-stricken.



The reporter makes an unnerving discovery—a headless body.



HEADS YOU LOSE/2

The Wurdalak

IMAGINE WINTER in the mountains of an East European country. A young nobleman, Vladimir D'Urfe, suddenly comes across a horse carrying the decapitated body of a man. He leads it to a farmhouse where he seeks shelter from the cold. The inhabitants identify the body as that of a much-feared bandit, Alibek. One of the men plunges a sword into the body, so that the body will not become a Wurdalak—a species of vampire which preys on the blood of the living, particularly that of the people it held most dear in life. Whoever the Wurdalak kills—usually a relative or friend—in turn becomes a Wurdalak, unless a stake is driven through the heart. The men fear for the safety of their father who had set out in pursuit of the bandit, having warned them that if he did not return within five days he would become a Wurdalak.

Five days later, the father returns carrying the head of Alibek, but it is obvious that the father has changed. He kills one of the brothers, and Vladimir sees the father leave with a child in his arms. They later find the child dead, with a wound in his neck—the mark of the Wurdalak.

Vladimir tries to get a girl he has fallen in love with to leave the farmhouse with him, but she insists on staying with her family. Two more members of the family are killed, and their bodies drained of blood. The father comes after the last of the ones he held dear and claims the girl, who in turn murders Vladimir thus bringing the Wurdalak cycle to a horrible end.

"The odds are always heavily against me. But then I'm always evil in a keen, clean way, which makes me good in terms of an inverted aestheticism, if you see what I mean. Pure evil, as much as pure good, is poetic, you know."

—Vincent Price



Boris Karloff as Gorca, the man who set out to kill a Wurdalak, and in turn, becomes one himself.

Gorca carries the decapitated head of the bandit, Alibek.





When Gorca returns to his family with the bandit's head, they are aware of a drastic and terrifying change in their father.



The return of the Wurdalak—a species of vampire which preys upon former loved ones.

The ghost of Mrs. Perkins appears to terrorize a woman who had come to prepare her body for burial.

From BLACK SABBATH

THE DROP OF WATER

IT IS THE turn of the century. On a wild, stormy night a nurse is summoned to the ailing Mrs. Perkins, an eccentric who lives in a decaying house which is overrun with cats. She finds the woman already dead, and proceeds to lay the old woman out although repelled by the gruesome corpse. She notices a ring on the dead woman's hand, and steals it. Later at home, the nurse puts the ring on her finger, and as she does she feels panic. A tap begins to drip, and although she turns the tap off the dripping continues loudly and insistently seemingly filling the house with the sound. Suddenly she seems to see the dead woman approaching her, her face contorted with hatred. Dead hands reach out to enclose the nurse's throat... When the police find the nurse's body they believe she has died from a heart attack, but they are puzzled by the bruise on one of her fingers... as if a ring had been torn from it.

"For sheer, mouth-watering breakfast joy there is nothing to beat the English sausage. For an American like myself, English sausage is like caviar. It has flavor. When cooked, it becomes firm and crisp. I think the secret lies in the quality of the bread or flour the British put into their sausages. By comparison, the American breakfast sausage is a flabby thing and decidedly flavorless. When cooked it just doesn't swell with pride, as it should, like its English counterpart."

—Vincent Price



THE HOUSE AT THE END OF THE WORLD

THE STORY OF EDGAR ALLAN

POE'S MASTERPIECE STARRING VINCENT PRICE

THE STORY opens in a country churchyard. The year is 1821. A coffin lies in an open grave, which is being watched by Verden Fell. The coffin contains the body of his late wife. The parson objects to the ceremony because Ligeia was not a Christian, and Fell retorts that his wife will not rest anyway, 'because she is not dead', and he startles the small gathering around the grave by quoting the philosophy of his wife:

"Man need not kneel before the angles, nor lie in death forever but for the weakness of his feeble will"

Suddenly a black cat gives a screech and Fell is stunned to see Ligeia's eyes suddenly open, staring triumphantly at him. Recovering, he passes off the incident as being a nervous contraction.

The scene changes to a few months later. A fox hunt is in progress. Riding with the hunt is the beautiful Lady Rowena. She leaves the hunt and rides into the old ruins of a Gothic Abbey, where Fell lives. She finds herself in front of Ligeia's tomb, and is reading the words *"nor lie in death forever"*, when the black cat suddenly hisses, frightening her horse which rears up and throws Rowena to the ground. Shaken, she has another shock which causes her to faint when the black clad figure of Fell presents himself from behind the tombstone. He carries Rowena into his vast home, the intact center piece of the abbey, where his servant attends to her injured ankle.

A few days later, she finds an excuse to return to the abbey to thank Fell for his aid. Standing in the shadow, her sudden appearance startles Fell, and he attacks her seeming not to recognize her. His attitude suddenly changes and he tries to kiss her, but as he is about to, the black cat leaps at them and scratches Rowena's face. Rowena is strangely drawn towards Fell, even though each time they meet frightening incidents occur. The black cat seems to haunt her, and at one point lures Rowena to the bell tower. Fell arrives just in time to stop her falling to her death.

When Rowena (Elizabeth Shepherd) enters the abbey unexpectedly, Verden Fell (Vincent Price) attacks her in a frenzy, for a moment mistaking her for someone else.

Fell and Rowena decided to get married and leave the abbey. After their honeymoon, they have to make a short return visit to the abbey so that he can make the final plans to sell it. But there is the complication that the deeds to the abbey are in Ligeia's name, not his.

During their first night home, Rowena falls into an uneasy sleep from which she is awakened by a sudden sound. She can find nobody in the room, but when she goes to the dressing table, she finds black hairs on her hairbrush (her own hair is red). She goes to tell Verden about the incident, but finds his room empty and a saucer of milk by the window.

The next evening, her father and her former companion Christopher—who still cares very deeply for her, even though she married Fell—arrive for dinner. After the meal, an argument starts over the subject of mesmerism, and Fell decides to give a demonstration to prove his own point of view, using Rowena as his subject. He hypnotises her, and in a trance she sings a song her mother used to sing to her. Suddenly her voice changes, and she recites Ligeia's words *"nor lie in death forever"* in Ligeia's voice.

The next morning she is startled to find a dead fox in bed with her, and a saucer of milk on the floor by her bed. She questions the servant, who obviously is withholding information from her. Christopher tries to extract information from the servant as well, without success, and in an attempt to find a solution to the mystery employs grave-diggers to disinter Ligeia's coffin. When he opens the coffin he finds not her body, but a wax effigy of it.

Meanwhile, Rowena is pursued through the corridors of the shadowy abbey until in the large hall she suddenly sees a reflection in a mirror, in which she appears to have black hair. She smashes the mirror, revealing a hidden staircase behind it, which she now climbs in an attempt to discover the secret of Ligeia, and the cat which has been persecuting her.

(This movie is titled *The Tomb of Ligeia* in England.)



The Cast:
Verden Fell, VINCENT PRICE
Rowena/The Lady Ligeia

ELIZABETH SHEPHERD
Christopher, JOHN WESTBROOK
Kenrick, JOHN WESTBROOK
Trevanion, DEREK FRANCIS
Dr. Vivian, RICHARD VERNON
Parson, RONALD ADAM
Peperel, FRANK THORNTON
Liveryboy, DENIS GILMORE

Directed by Roger Corman. Written by Robert Towne, from a short story by Edgar Allan Poe. Running time: 81 minutes. Distributed in America by American-International.



Love springs up between Rowena and Fell, but it is one that the spirit of Ligeia will not permit.



For Rowena, life at the abbey turns into a living nightmare: she finds a dead fox in her bed, a saucer of milk mysteriously appearing by her bed, hairs that are not her own in her hairbrush. Every sudden sound startles her...

The cat, the embodiment of Ligeia's evil, terrorizes Rowena and tries to lure her to her death.



Rowena is pursued along the shadowy corridors of the abbey by the black cat until she comes to face a mirror. In horror she realizes that in the reflection she has the jet black hair of the dead Ligeia, instead of her own red hair.



(Top) Rowena comes across the body of Ligeia—her arms are outstretched, her carmine mouth sensually open, her black eyes fierce. Ligeia is perfectly preserved in her dying gesture, as if she were grasping for life or the embrace of her husband. (Bottom) Rowena in shock falls across the body of Ligeia, which seems for a few moments to hold her in a vice-like grip.

Rowena surveys the fire into which Fell throws the body of his former wife, Ligeia, to try to exorcize the evil spirits that threaten to destroy him and Rowena.





Rowena falls, seemingly dead, from a wound on her wrist, and Fell carries her to Ligeia's bed.



Fell tries to bring Rowena back to life. When he knocks the black cat senseless to the ground he suddenly sees with disbelief that Rowena is regaining her color and beginning to breathe again.

When Fell sees a figure coming towards him he sees her as Ligeia and strangles her; only then does he realize that the body he holds in his arms is that of Rowena. He asks Christopher and Kenrick to take Rowena's body away.





Fight with a devil: Fell lashes out time and again with a whip at the black cat which he knows he must destroy to kill Ligeia's evil will. But the cat is too fast and it leaps at his face and claws Fell's eyes.

With blood running from his eyes, Fell stumbles blindly around as the tower begins to go up in flames, to destroy him, the cat, the evil...





Vincent Price as the magician who avenges degradation of a brother magician who has turned into a raven. From *THE RAVEN*.



Dr. Erasmus (Vincent Price) needs a hair from the head of a dead man for one of his spells in *THE RAVEN*. He visits his father's crypt, and his father's body comes to life... a hand grabs him...



An ooey! moment from *THE RAVEN*, with Vincent Price



Bodies are our business. Vincent Price as the undertaker in *COMEDY OF TERRORS*.

SHRIEK! has exclusive interview with Vincent Price

SOVEREIGN OF THE CRYPTS

VINCENT PRICE is regarded as Hollywood's King of the Horror Film; he has been described as the cinema's "Merchant of Menace." He has appeared in many spine-chillers in his career of some ninety-odd films, yet he himself feels that only one of them can truly be termed a "horror" film, and that was *The House of Wax*. But even though he has made so many films, acting is not his only talent: he is also one of the world's leading experts on art, has toured America as a lecturer, has written two books on food and wine, is an excellent cook and baker, has designed a motion picture kit, a new Bible, and Christmas ornaments and cards and other things.

Vincent Price was born in St. Louis, Missouri. He received a three hundred dollar bequest from his grandmother when he was 16, and he used this to do a lighting tour of twelve European capital cities... in 38 days! Says Vincent, "I never had a better time, but I couldn't tell you now what anything was like!" But during this short tour, his brief glimpses of the treasures in the art galleries and museums of London, Paris, Rome and Vienna were sufficient to give him a certain feeling of direction: "I returned wholly in love with the visual arts, and determined to be in Europe again as soon as I could manage it!"

He then went to Yale University, where he excelled in the history of art, and became a member of the Yale Glee Club with which he returned to Europe. The choir performed in Munich, but when they returned to the United States, Vincent Price did not go with them. He stayed on to study the art treasures of Germany and Italy, during which time he decided to become an art historian. He returned to the States to finish his studies and then went back to Europe to work for his master's degree at the University of London. He was almost totally absorbed by his interest in art, and it seemed at the time as though nothing would prevent him from making this his life's work.

But while he had been at Yale, he had also developed an interest in acting and this interest began to grow and grow while he was in London. He went to the theater frequently, and later was encouraged to

play a walk-on part in the play *Chicago* at the Gate Theater Club in London. While at this club, he discovered that they were going to produce the Laurence Houseman play *Victoria Regina*, which at that time was banned from public performance because it showed an intimate portrayal of British royalty; thus, it could only be performed in a club theater. He asked to be auditioned for the role of the Prince Regent. The producer was very doubtful about this, but in the end agreed to let Vincent audition for the part. Prior to this, the actor-to-be learned the role in both English and German, having himself translated the play into German. He was so impressive at the audition that he won the part, and his subsequent playing in the piece was a great success. He then played in *Artur Schnitzler's The Affairs of Anatole*, also at the Gate, before repeating his role in *Victoria Regina* when it was staged in New York. Helen Hayes played Victoria in this production, which was to run for three years.

Vincent Price's next big move was to join the Mercury Theater, the experimental workshop run by Orson Welles which was to provide Hollywood with many strong young talents. When Price left, it was to make his film debut opposite Constance Bennett in *Service de Luxe*. He then returned to Broadway for Patrick Hamilton's play, *Gaslight*, which was performed in America under the title of *Angel Street*.

He began a long association with Twentieth Century-Fox, the best known films in which he appeared during this period being *Laura*, *Royal Scandal*, *Dragonwyck*, *The Eve of St. Mark*, *Leave Her a Heaven*, *His Kind of Woman*, and *Champagne for Caesar*. He again returned to the stage for a series of plays with a group theater including *The Winslow Boy*, *The Cocktail Party*, and *The Lady's Not for Burning*, in which he played with such talents as Gregory Peck, Dorothy McGuire and Mel Ferrer.

His position now established as a leading star, Vincent Price was also more and more concerned with his love for the world of great painting, and he founded the Modern Institute of Art in Los Angeles as well as serving on many leading Art juries in the States.

He became closely identified with art in the public's view, when he twice won "The \$64,000 Dollar Challenge" on American television on the subject of art. He furthered this in his "visual autobiography," which became a best-seller called *I Like What I Like*.

Then came his close association with the "terror" film beginning with *The House of Wax*, and later the first of the Edgar Allan Poe cycle of films, *The Fall of the House of Usher*. His other Poe films have been *The Pit and the Pendulum*, *The Raven* (with Peter Lorre), *Tales of Terror* (also with Lorre), *The Hallowed Palace* (with Lon Chaney), *The Masque of the Red Death*, *The House at the End of the World*, and *City in the Sea*, which he recently completed at England's Pine-wood Studios. He also appeared in *The Fly* and its sequel *The Return of the Fly*.

It is probably with the Poe films that Price has been most closely identified, for in many ways they are classics in their own genre. Unlike most other series films, each subsequent film has been an improvement on the preceding one. How does he feel about these films? "The closer they stick to Poe, who after all is the great American writer and one of the great writers of the world, the better they are. Every nation in the world recognized Poe long before we did in America, and he is still one of the most profoundly read authors in the world. The closer we stick to the Poe stories and to the basic motivations of the characters, obviously the better they get, and some of them have been really way out. They are all short stories, and so you have to make up a plot. You can't just film *The Raven*, for instance, because it doesn't have a plot. In *The Pit and the Pendulum*, the short story has the fact of the pit and the pendulum, but you have to make up what got the characters into this place. You can't just start *The Pit and the Pendulum* with a man being tortured; you have to know why he is being tortured, which, of course, Poe doesn't bother about. Of course *The Pit and the Pendulum* is an almost fool-proof story. Every element of horror is in it—walls closing in, the heat, height, the rats... and the menace of a great razor sharp blade."

Most of the Poe films he has made

have been directed by Roger Corman, a dynamic young director whose work in this field has become a cult in many countries. Why does Price feel the characters he has played in these have been so well developed? "Where Roger and I have worked very well together has been in the fact that I am a terrible stickler for explanations—why does a man do something? What should the audience know, feel or hear, to know what makes the character do something preposterous? In almost every case the character I play is not a villain, not a monster; he is someone who is put upon by fate. In *The House at the End of the World*, for instance, he is a man who, had he not married an absolutely monstrous woman who would not leave life, even in death, would have been a perfectly normal man and married the other girl in the story. And of course things like this do happen; there are men who are obsessed with their dead wives."

Poe as a writer seemed to be obsessed by the theme of death; was this because he himself had a fear of being buried alive? "I wouldn't be at all surprised," says Vincent. "It is a kind of thing that we all know. He drank a great deal, and there is the terrible thing that the alcoholic has which is a kind of sinking into the ground at moments when you aren't exhilarated. You literally sink. I think that many times the alcoholic feels that if somebody had a spade handy, that they would throw the dirt on him, and he couldn't get out. Poe certainly knew the elements of fear that are in all of us, and they are in everyone I am sure, even the bravest man. Poe has a grasp on the matter of what makes people afraid."

WHICH OF the Poe films does he personally like the best? "I still think almost the best of all of them was *The Fall of the House of Usher*. I loved that. It's a great story, and I loved the character I was playing because he is the most sensitive of all Poe's heroes... he's hyper-sensitive."

Does he feel that it is really right to call the Poe films "Horror"? They definitely are not. I think the only real horror film I have ever been in was *The House of Wax*. This was almost a classic of horror films. It almost made more money

Business is not booming for undertaker Vincent in *COMEDY OF TERRORS*, so he sets about in his own way to remedy the falling death rate.



We two kings of the macabre: Peter Lorre and Vincent Price, (in *COMEDY OF TERRORS*) as two undertakers who must find increased business if they are to pay their rent.



Oooops! It seems as if our undertakers have come across a body that refuses to be dead, in *COMEDY OF TERRORS*.



Vincent Price figures out a way of killing two birds with one stone. He'll get business and solve the rent problem—by knocking off the landlord. (*COMEDY OF TERRORS*)



than any other film ever produced, because it cost very little, and the experiment of 3D gave it such notoriety. And because it was done by a man who only had one eye, and could not see in 3D, it was not really done for 3D and so holds up as a non-3D picture. As a result it is now played constantly on television'.

Most actors have personal favorites among the films they have appeared in, often those that have lasted for a long time after their original release. "I have done a couple of films that have really lasted," comments Vincent. "It is amazing to see what the pattern is of a film that goes on and on. *Laura* was one of these, and it is being shown on television in America almost all the time: it is never off the screen in New York, whether being shown in a big or little theater, since it was made. The other was *The Baron of Arizona*. This is a timeless story; and it also happens to be a true one, and is one of the great adventure stories of all time. It was the first film to be made by Sam Fuller, and it was a really extraordinary picture in that it is the story of a man who tries to forge the rights to the state of Arizona, and succeeds in taking the whole state away from the United States! Then he tried to sell it back to them for five million dollars and they began to get suspicious. But they offered him the five million dollars, then he got very greedy and decided that if it was worth five million then it was worth more. He really started to believe in himself and finally ended up caught. But in a sense he really did get away with it, in that the United States deeded the state over to him.

"I loved *Master of the World*, because I thought it had a marvellous moralizing philosophy. I adored it. It was of a man who sees evil and says "Destroy it" ... and if it is the whole world then it's got to go! It is the great Jules Verne concept, that evil must be destroyed. I loved doing that also because I love movies that are trick movies.

"Very early in my career I did a picture called *The Invisible Man Returns* and it literally was a logical continuation of the one that Claude Rains had done earlier. (A few years ago I saw it revived on a double bill with a Disney film called *The Invisible Mouse*—it was the most enchanting picture you ever saw). It was fascinating because it was trick photography of the first order... the thing of making a man invisible, of being able to see through his head is really great fun to do, although it is tedious and almost endless to make. For me that was a long schedule, about eight weeks. I much prefer to do things on a short quick schedule."

We will conclude this fascinating profile of one of the greatest of film stars in our next issue. Don't miss it!



Keeper of the wax works, Vincent Price in **HOUSE OF WAX**, probably the most successful horror film ever made.



Price's villainous partner decides to cash in on the wax-works insurance, and sets it afire, leaving Price trapped inside. (From **HOUSE OF WAX**)



A spine-chilling shock for Vincent Price in **TALES OF TERROR**.



The pendulum swings lower and lower as it descends with its razor-like blade to slash its way through the victim's chest. (From **THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM**)



"Would you like to come this way?" A sinister invitation to the macabre from Vincent Price in **HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL**.

Nicholas (Vincent Price) feels the razor-sharp blade while his victim (John Kerr) waits helplessly. (From **THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM**)

ISOBEL BLACK tells SHRIEK! about

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A GIRL-VAMPIRE

THE WORST thing about playing a girl-vampire in my very first film was when I had to sit alone in a studio theater and watch a run-through of a previous Hammer film, *Dracula*. The idea was that while watching the film I should study the technique of just how a vampire 'bites' and generally behaves. It was all terribly eerie, even though it was about eleven o'clock in the morning. I was glad to get out of the darkness into the sunshine. But I did learn quite a lot about vampires after seeing it... To bite properly—like a real vampire—you have to lose all your inhibitions. I rather like that. I suppose most women like a chance to throw off all their inhibitions now and again. Perhaps there's even a bit of the vampire in every woman... A typical day during my filming on *Kiss of the Vampire* began when I climbed out of bed in my Barnet home, where I live with my parents, and, after a bath, cleaned my teeth—no, not fangs, they were to come later... After a very light breakfast, a car would whisk me off to Bray Studios, near Windsor, and I arrived at around 7:30 a.m. just as the sun was shining nicely (if it wasn't raining, that is). The sunshine was fine by me, but to real vampires, of course, the sun is deadly. They only come out at night or when dark clouds fill the sky. Anyway, after visiting the make-up and hairdressing departments, I arrived on the set at 8:30 a.m. ready for anything, including the fitting of my 'fangs'. This was quite a quick job, as most of the real work had been done before the picture started. Then I was measured for properly fitting fangs: this was done by taking a plaster impression of my jaw and mouth. The fangs were then specially made—"to measure"—by a dental expert. On set, just before a "take" the fangs were cemented in, to fit just over my side eye-

teeth, by the make-up man. Most of the time they stayed put beautifully and, after a while, I forgot I had them in.

Why, once I even went off to lunch with them in, unintentionally of course. I didn't realize anything was the matter until the waitress gave me a mock blacklook and said: "Our steaks aren't *that* tough, Miss Black."

I don't mind making my film debut as a vampire one bit. I've got a nice, effective part as Tania, a once-innocent girl who has been corrupted by the vampires. Everyone's been very nice about my performance and seem to think I'm an ideal vampire. A lot of girls would be insulted if they were told they made an ideal vampire. Most women would much rather be just vamps, but they obviously can't know much about modern vampires. They can be very sexy creatures, you know.

In one dramatic sequence in *Kiss of the Vampire* I had to walk slowly across a room in a brief nightie towards the helpless figure of Edward de Souza, slowly unbutton his shirt, rip it back from his bare chest, scratch it to ribbons with my fingernails, then slowly sink my fangs into his neck. I really let myself go. It was all very blood-curdling—and sexy. It will certainly surprise everyone who previously imagined that female vampires were grotesque, witch-like women with not an ounce of sex and attractiveness about them. My parents are quite pleased about my role. They think it's a very good chance for me. But I don't know how everyone at Barnet Grammar School will take it. I was always such a quiet, sweet little girl there... There's one thing about it all—you can't say I haven't started my screen career with a part I can get my teeth into...

"So many people have told me how well I'm playing this somewhat bloodthirsty role that I'm seriously thinking of forming an official Noel Willman Fang Club."—Noel Willman who played Dr. Ravna, master vampire in *The Kiss of the Vampire*.

"Macabre pictures must have the human touch. Audiences must have some degree of self-identification evoked; they must be made to feel it could happen to them."

—Anthony Hinds, director of *Frankenstein*, *Dracula*, and *Werewolf* films.







The Terrible Truth about

THE STORY is set in an area of English countryside. Two neighboring families have been arch enemies for three hundred years—the Laniers and the Whitlocks. The enmity had begun in the seventeenth century, when the Lanier family had buried a Whitlock woman alive for being a witch. The Whitlocks are still seeking revenge.

The Laniers, who in the meantime have taken over the Whitlock estate, decided to level off the land and use it for a building project. They send in bulldozers to start the work, even though Morgan Whitlock and his niece Amy try to stop them. In the process of clearing the land, the bulldozers churn up the graves in the Whitlock cemetery. Whitlock and his niece protest against this and the Laniers

agree to leave this area alone. In spite of the deep enmity between their families, the young Todd Lanier falls in love with Amy.

But meanwhile, in the cemetery, supernatural elements are at work. One of the overturned coffins moves, and from out of it comes Vanessa Whitlock, the witch who had been buried alive centuries before. She joins Morgan Whitlock and they begin to use their powers of the supernatural against the Lanier family, who one by one meet with fatal accidents.

Bill Lanier's wife, Tracy, one night follows Amy into the Whitlock family crypt where she sees Vanessa engaged in ritual rites with other witches. She is discovered by them, and overcome is left drugged on their altar. Bill and Todd

Bill Lanier (Jack Hedley) and Todd Lanier (David Weston) discover Tracy (Jill Dixon) drugged and stretched out on the witches' altar.



The witches gather as the Whitlocks, led by Morgan (Lon Chaney), plot revenge against the Laniers who, centuries earlier, had buried a Whitlock alive as a witch.

WITCHCRAFT

Lanier succeed in finding her, and escape from the crypt. Todd returns to try to get Amy to join him, but he is discovered by Vanessa who wants him put to death. Amy prevents this by pouring burning oil on Morgan, Vanessa and the other witches—all are destroyed as Todd makes his escape. His family will now be safe, at the cost of the life of the girl he loved.

THE TERRIBLE TRUTH ABOUT WITCHCRAFT

Morgan Whitlock, LON CHANEY
Bill Lanier, JACK HEDLEY
Helen Lanier, VIOLA KEATS
Tracy Lanier, JILL DIXON
Malvina Lanier, MARIE NEY
Todd Lanier, DAVID WESTON
Vanessa Whitlock, YVETTE REES

Directed by DON SHARP.
Produced by ROBERT LIPPERT and JACK PARSONS.
Written by HARRY SPALING.
Released by TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX

What Was The Horror in the Sea?

Read "The Flesh-Eaters"- page 5





Procession of the witches through the dark passageways of the crypt.



Using their supernatural powers, the Whitlocks arrange for the Laniers to become bewitched and, one by one, meet with fatal accidents.



Tracy has followed Amy into the family crypt, where she is seized by the witches.



Antagonists: Morgan Whitlock (Lon Chaney) is incensed to discover that Todd Lanier (David Weston) hopes to marry Morgan's niece, Amy.



Tracy screams in horror as she begins to realize what is in store for her.



Todd and Morgan — what chance has an innocent against the black arts of the Whitlocks?



Morgan suggests ungently that nothing good will come of a marriage between Amy and Todd—he'll see to that!

Black hearts, black arts—what horror lurks in the witches' fire?



THE SECRET OF BLOOD ISLAND

FULL STORY OF THE HORRIFIC SEQUEL TO THE CAMP ON BLOOD ISLAND



DO YOU REMEMBER THIS MAN?

The face of an executioner: do you remember this shot from the first "Blood Island" film, *THE CAMP ON BLOOD ISLAND*? This was the film which was attacked for the extremes of brutality it showed, of the complete degradation of human beings.

THE SECRET OF BLOOD ISLAND

Eloine, BARBARA SHELLEY
Sergeant Crewe, JACK HEDLEY
Major Dryden, CHARLES TINGWELL
Bludgin, BILL OWEN
Richardson, PETER WELCH
Levy, LEE MONTAGUE
O'Reilly, EDWIN RICHFIELD
Lieut. Tojoko, MICHAEL RIPPER
Captain Jocomo, PATRICK WYMARK
Captain Droke, PHILIP LATHAM
Berry, GLYN HOUSTON
Mills, IAN WHITTAKER
Leonard, JOHN SOUTHWORTH
Kempi Chief, DAVID SAIRE
Red, PETER CRAZE
Toffy, HENRY DAVIES

Directed by QUENTIN LAWRENCE.
Produced by ANTHONY NELSON KEYS.
Screenplay by JOHN GILLING.

A Hammer Production far release by
UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL.

THE SECRET OF BLOOD ISLAND is based on an actual incident during the war in Malaya 20 years ago, telling the story of a British woman secret agent who was smuggled into a Prisoner-of-war camp, where she was disguised as one of the prisoners until her escape could be organized.

THE SETTING is a prisoner-of-war camp in Malaya during the Second World War; it is known as "Blood Island." The prisoners are slave-driven in the feverish heat, quarrying gravel under the supervision of brutal guards. The rations they received are well below those laid down by the Geneva Convention. Many of the men are submissive as a result of the brutality that had been the retribution for previous escape attempts.

The Japanese shoot down a plane carrying a woman secret agent, Elaine. The prisoners find her, and decide to give

her protection until a plan can be devised for her to continue her vital mission to Kuala Lumpur, a mission which must be completed if many Allied lives are not to be lost. Sergeant Crewe and Major Dryden are determined that she shall complete this mission, once they have all the facts from her. But other prisoners are not happy about the plan to conceal Elaine in the camp, for her presence puts them in great danger.

The Kempis (Japanese security) men know the girl is somewhere on the island, and they urge the tyrannical Major Jocomo and his brutal henchman, Lieutenant Tojoko to even greater extremes of repression and cruelty. Each day, it is decided, a prisoner is to be brought into the stockade, tied to the whipping post, and flogged until somebody reveals the girl's whereabouts. The first victim, George Bludgin, is savagely flogged to death.

The morale of the men begins to sag. Most dangerous to the plan is Private Tom O'Reilly, who lost half his face at Dunkirk, and now despises all women since his wife fainted on first seeing his injuries. Now he turns his loathing towards Elaine. Richardson, too, is a danger because, as a father of four children, he is not convinced that he should risk being flogged to death for the sake of a woman spy. Some of the younger POW's are restive too, for it is with them that Elaine, with her hair cut short like a boy's, stands the least chance of being recognized by the guards as the moment of escape approaches.

Then Corporal Levy, who had been assigned to act as her guide through the jungle, is ordered to be flogged. And Major Dryden, beaten and tortured by the Kempis, is flung from the camp commandant's quarters after refusing to talk. Elaine is ultimately discovered. The escape plan misfires, Dryden dies, and Elaine begins the journey to Kempis headquarters at Singapore, a journey which would surely have ended in torture and death, but for the intervention of Crewe...





A nerve-racking moment for Elaine (Barbara Shelley) when she comes face-to-face with a Japanese guard while doing forced labor in the prisoner-of-war camp.



Elaine hides behind Sergeant Crewe (Jack Hedley) when a Japanese guard comes to make an inspection.



Major Dryden (Charles Tingwell) watches for the approach of a Japanese staff car which is to figure so vitally in the escape plan.

Crewe waits for an opportunity to bring Elaine out from the undergrowth, while another prisoner watches suspiciously.





Brutality dealt out by the Japanese guards as the POWs return from forced labor in a gravel pit.



After a prisoner has been brutally flogged, Tojoko (Michael Ripper) threatens Crewe behind whom stands Elaine, close to breaking point.



Crewe peers through the barbed wire at a Japanese guard.



Elaine fears discovery, as she lines up with the prisoners-of-war-for an inspection by the Japanese guards.



Tojoko looks on sadistically while Bludgin (Bill Owen) is beaten to death for refusing to disclose information to the Japanese.



The slow murderous flogging continues relentlessly.

BARBARIC DEATH

ONE OF THE most nerve-racking sequences ever filmed, appears in *The Secret of Blood Island* in which one of the POWs in the camp in the Japanese-occupied Malaya of World War II, is flogged to death. The fatal beating of the Cockney, Bludgin, is one of the climaxes of the film. The notorious Kempi guards (Japanese security men) are presiding over a reign of terror at the camp. They have insisted on reprisals against the POWs refusal to reveal the whereabouts of a British secret agent (a woman) who has parachuted to earth after her plane had been shot down. Until someone talks, decrees the Kempi, a

prisoner a day will be flogged, and the first victim is Bludgin.

Bludgin is played by Bill Owen. It was a hot August day when the scene was shot at the POW camp, built in life-size replica in the middle of Black Park, a forest near London. In a clearing amid a forestation strongly resembling dense Malayan jungle, there was a parched, dusty stockade, surrounded by bunk-houses and Japanese officers' quarters, tall watch-towers and high, grim cage-wiring. Into this stockade were marched the prisoners, to be lined up while Bludgin, tied to a whipping post, was relentlessly

beaten. Including close-up and reaction shots, the scene was filmed nine times and, afterwards, Bill Owen looked as if he actually had been flogged. In fact, the whips had soft, woollen tails instead of leather throngs which would really have been used.

But Bill's screams were real, and they sent a shudder through the film unit and crowds of extras.





Crewe hands out mail to his fellow prisoners. It is the first they have received for nearly a year.



Kempi chief (David Saire) and Captain Jocomo (Patrick Wymark) interrogate Bludgin (Bill Owen) while Major Dryden (Charles Tingwell) watches apprehensively.





Tojoko asks Bludgin again to tell him what he knows after the merciless beating... but Bludgin is dead.

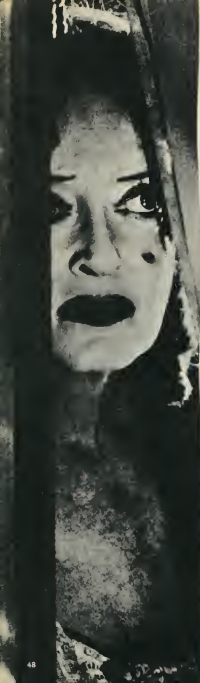


Tojoko delights in the brutality he is able to deal out, and smiles as a prisoner is flogged.



Yet another prisoner (Lee Montague) is flogged as a reprisal by the Japanese.

Elaine is captured by the Japanese, and Tojoko starts to interrogate her.



Bette Davis as the insane former child star who has now shut herself up in a dilapidated mansion in which she terrorizes her crippled sister in **WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?**

Joan Crawford: the terrorized. As the crippled sister in **WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?**, she suffers a reign of terror from her sister who at one point serves her with a dead rat for dinner.



Joan Crawford: the terrorizer. As the axe-murderess in STRAIT-JACKET

Bette Davis — Joan Crawford — Tallulah Bankhead

First there was Bette Davis; her performance as the mad, one-time baby darling of the screen was terrifying enough. Then came Joan Crawford, and the indelicate way she handled an axe did not make for pleasant dreams. And now we have a religious fanatic, portrayed by Tallulah Bankhead. Question: which of these three is the greatest?

HORROR HAG?

Turn page and see our vote, because . . .



TALLULAH

says "Die Die My Darling!"

Tallulah Bankhead as Mrs. Trefoile, the old madwoman who keeps a girl prisoner in her house with the object, first of "cleansing" her, and then killing her so that she will be fit to meet the old woman's dead son and marry him—in Heaven!

PAT CARROLL (Stefanie Powers), a young American girl engaged to a young Englishman, Alan Glentower, decides to make a brief visit to Mrs. Trefoile (Tallulah Bankhead) the mother of her former sweetheart, who had been killed in a car crash. She had never met the woman before, and the visit she looks on as being a courtesy. She is surprised to find Mrs. Trefoile living in an old mansion, ravaged by deterioration, standing in isolation some distance away from a small village in the Cotswolds. She finds Mrs. Trefoile, her skin crumpled like onionskin paper, sitting in a chair reading a Bible. She is startled to find that the old woman is a religious fanatic, and that the whole household (which includes the plain, drab-looking maid; her sex-obsessed husband Harry; and the simple-minded odd-job youth named Joseph) has to attend prayers several times a day. The house has no mirrors, make-up is banned, very plain food is served. Mrs. Trefoile governs them with severity, devoting herself to religion and the memory of her late son.

She is violent about Pat's worldliness and determines that the girl will be "cleansed" so as to be fit to meet her son again and marry him in Heaven. Pat is held at gunpoint by the old lady, and then locked in her room. She tries to get help from Joseph, who merely grins at her and goes about his work in the garden. She pleads with Harry for her, but he only tries to make sexual advances to her.

Mrs. Trefoile orders that all Pat's pretty clothes must be destroyed, and in an attempt to save them Pat is wounded with a pair of scissors. She tries to escape by a rope made out of bedclothes, but in climbing down she slips, crashing through the roof of the conservatory where she is recaptured by Harry. She pretends to give in to Harry's advances in a plan to escape, but they are surprised by Mrs. Trefoile who, in rage, sends Harry to the cellar where she shoots him dead.

Pat's fiance, Alan, worried at her long absence, arrives at the mansions to find Pat, but Mrs. Trefoile tells him she has left. Arriving at a local inn, he spots the barmaid wearing some jewelry belonging to Pat, and realizing something is seriously wrong, he returns to the mansion where he arrives as Mrs. Trefoile is about to complete her maniacal ritual by stabbing the helpless Pat to death.



During the ritual of family prayers, Ann (Yootha Joyce) points out to Joseph (Donald Sutherland), the simpleton, that he is holding his Bible the wrong way up.



Mrs. Trefoile presides over "family prayers", to which daily she subjects the household of Joseph, Anna and Harry (Peter Vaughan).



Mrs. Trefoile and Patricia (Stefanie Powers) enter the village church where the old woman intends to pray for her dead son's soul.

In a room dimly lit by the moonlight, Mrs. Trefoile extends her hand to touch the sleeping Patricia. The girl turns, and murmurs in her sleep.



Prisoner! Patricia stares down from behind the grimy window of the attic in which she has been imprisoned by Mrs. Trefoile.



Mrs. Trefoile rests in her bedroom having exhausted herself in trying to "save" the soul of Patricia. On her bedside table are portraits of her dead son Stephen (Michael Bangerter).



Joseph, the imbecile retainer, smiles inanely after giving Mrs. Trefoile a postcard Patricia has thrown down on which she pleads for help.





Escape attempt: Patricia swims away from the house in an attempt to escape from her mad jailer.



Patricia's escape attempt is thwarted by Harry, who now uses her to satisfy his own sadistic delight.



The fanatical Mrs. Trefoile and the sinister Anna subdue Patricia by physical force.



Patricia struggles with Mrs. Trefoile, and to her horror finds that she has been wounded.



Wounded, Patricia cries out in pain, clutching the scissors which have struck her.



Harry tries to kill Mrs. Trefoile with a kitchen knife, but she shoots him first.



Dying from his bullet wounds, Harry slumps into the bath in the cellar of the house.



Horror-stricken, Patricia is forced by Mrs. Trefoile to look at the dead body of Harry.



Now at the end of her tether, Mrs. Trefoile clutches at a portrait of her dead son. Her worship of him has contributed to her twisted fanaticism.



Mrs. Trefoile stealthily and methodically prepares to kill her bound captive, Patricia.

How I Did it
TALLULAH
 SHRIEK! exclusive
 interview ►

Tallulah tells SHRIEK reporter Robbie Bean How!

SOME OF Hollywood's legendary names have made comebacks in macabre films, like Bette Davis and Joan Crawford in *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* Joan Crawford went on to make *Strait-Jacket*, wielding a heavy axe. Olivia DeHavilland was recently in the terror suspense drama, *Lady in a Cage*, which has been banned in England and Sweden among other countries. Now one of the film center's biggest "living legends" has returned to films after an absence of twenty years... Tallulah Bankhead.

Tallulah Bankhead is one of the great myths of the cinema; her name is known to practically everyone even though they may not be able to name a film in which she appeared—a name whispered in awe by today's older generation. For the record she appeared in *Tornish Lady*, *My Sin*, *Devil and the Deep*, *Faithless*, *Royal Scandal*, and *Lifeboat*, and in recent years has concentrated on acting in the theater.

Asked why she decided to make *Die, Die, My Darling* after being away from films for 20 years, she replied: "I needed the money, darling. Now, I don't want to give the impression that I'm poor. I own my apartment—it's what we call a co-operative. ... I like the place and those who help me run it—my cook and housekeeper—and it's home now. I have to go on working. I could retire quite easily to some quiet place, but I love New York and it's expensive."

Is she really extravagant? "Well I'm always paying outside bills. I suppose I have been extravagant at times in my life. And I've often been scolded by my bank manager about the state of my account. I'm a creature of comfort. After all, what's life without comfort. I still bathe in the best perfume every morning and every evening."

Why does she call everyone she meets "darling"? "Because all my life I've been terrible at remembering people's names. I can remember faces, but names just elude me. There's a story that's often been quoted and it is true. It explains how it all started. I was at a party and introduced a friend of mine as Martini. Her name was actually Olive! After that I stuck to 'darling'. It's so much safer."

Does she like to drink? "I just adore a drink darling. Who doesn't? But if I had to decide between giving up smoking and drinking, I'd cut out the latter. Without cigarettes I would perish, even though I've cut them down to 90 a day. For forty years I've smoked the same brand—Craven A. Mind you, I never endorse anything. As for drinking, even though I know that scotch is the thing these days, I stick to good old bourbon."

Does she find that she lives very much in the past? "No. I live strictly in the present. The past is past and the future is uncertain. But I do like old associations, just as I like old friends. That's why, when I went to London for the filming of *Die, Die, My Darling* I insisted on staying at the Ritz. It was my home for ten years in the 'twenties and 'thirties. The staff there are so well-mannered, and I value food manners above all."

On the first day of shooting for *Die, Die, My Darling* she seemed to suffer from the natural "first-take" nerves. But in her famous "smoky" voice she delivered her line—"Harry, stay close to the house. I've got a job for you." The director called out to print that take, and Tallulah was surprised that it had been achieved in one single take. "Dahlings! You mean I'm so good I don't have to do it again?"

Does she have a dislike? "Yes, the word 'Dearie'. When I arrived in England I was quoted by a journalist as having called someone 'Dearie'. That's a term I have never used and never will. I was furious. It sounds so cheap, doesn't it?"

Does she feel that she has sometimes been too generous? "Stupidly so at times. When I've been in financial difficulties there have always been others to come to my aid and help me over a hurdle. I've done the same for others. And I've always repaid my debts—which is more than I can say of some of those I've helped. One reason for the bills, of course, is that I prefer to entertain than be entertained, but that's not my friends' fault. I hardly ever go out, even when I'm at home in New York. After all, I appreciate the fact that I'm at home and don't want to be visiting all the time. On tour, you are always so vulnerable to having people drop in; I don't like that. I insist that people phone first. But when friends call up and say 'Will you come over?' I say 'No, you come here.'"

Is she religious? "I don't suppose I'm what you'd call a religious person in a formal way. My family went to church. Daddy was a Methodist, grandmother was a Presbyterian, and mother was an Episcopalian. That's what I am. Oddly enough, though, when I want to go into a church to pray or meditate, I always go into a Catholic one."

WHAT IS THE impression that Tallulah Bankhead leaves on those she works with? After finishing shooting on *Die, Die, My Darling* the film's director, Silvio Narrizzano, talked about "the legend." "I thought she would be a difficult, tremendously strong-willed woman, with very definite ideas as to how she intended

playing the part of Mrs. Trefotte. This proved to be a complete delusion. She actually wanted—indeed needed—to be told. As she explained, quite frankly, she regarded Mrs. Trefotte as a character role, and she did not think of herself as a character actress."

"Tallulah's great successes have been when she was playing herself. She often triumphed over poor material by infusing the star role with so much of her own personality that the original character was lost. In short, she's a very very great personality. And Tallulah is the first to admit that she hates acting. You don't have to love doing something to do it well. That's a fallacy. Dedicated people can be awful bores, and Tallulah's never that. She knows all the technical tricks and doesn't want to learn any more. Why should she? She can get away with miracles just by being herself."

"In Hitchcock's *Lifeboat* she really played herself. Hitch encouraged her to do so. 'Put in another darling, darling,' he used to say, 'then you'll sound more like Tallulah.' She was quite at home in that boat with her jewels, and her mink, and her air of splendidly excessive self-absorption. She was the Star."

"When it came to tackling the role of a mad, senile woman, however, she needed direction. In the first place, she isn't senile! She's positively ageless. Unbelievable as it may seem for a woman in her sixties to those who haven't seen her do it, she can still support an image of being 'around 38.' She can still play roles meant for much younger women, and this she does with a mastery of technique, dynamism and sheer personality. So that when it came to playing a woman of her own age, Tallulah was palpably insecure. She wondered what she had got herself into. Mrs. Trefotte could not wear make-up. This was vital, since she objects to Patricia, the girl she imprisons in her house (played by Stefanie Powers), wearing make-up. But Tallulah rebelled militantly against this condition; it was destructive of her image and she knew it. And, incidentally, it was almost impossible to achieve. The make-up man had a hard time removing the lip-stains of 40 odd years..."

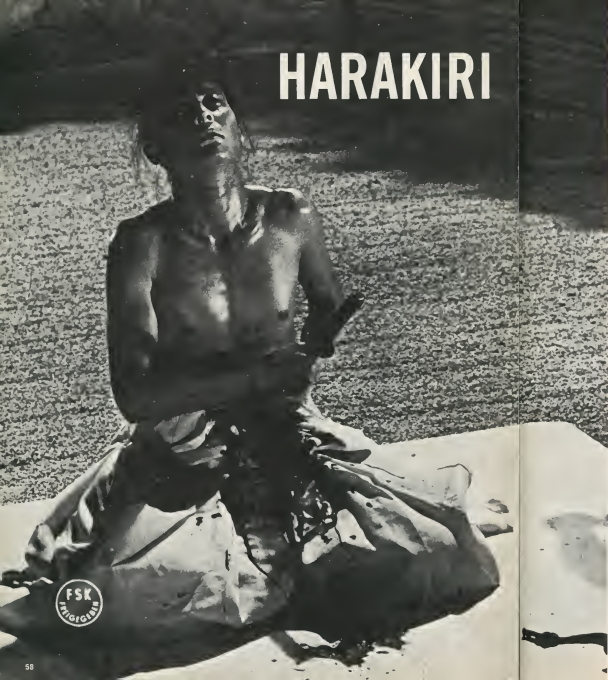
"I left her at two in the morning on the day she flew back to the USA. She was on her knees saying her prayers. For this most religious of non-religious women is both simple and complex; both magnificent and impossible—a living Legend—with a capital 'L'. In return, I pray that she has much wonderful work still to do, and I'd like to put this on record, now that the immediate reaction is over, it would be a privilege to work with her again."

In
das
Film

HARAKIRI



HARAKIRI



JAPAN HAS found its own horror and violence in stories of its legendary Samurai, an age of blood-soaked revenge, violence, murder, and tyranny. *Harakiri* is set during one of the periods of quiet between wars in Japan, when the Samurai, fighters who rely for their living on being hired by Lords to battle for their cause, are out of work. It concerns one young samurai suffering from poverty, who turns up at a Manor and pretends to commit harakiri, a practice resorted to by many as a kind of begging for a sympathetic gift of money.

But when he arrives at the Manor the lord, who thinks such a practice is despicable and degrading to the spirit of the Samurai, orders him to commit harakiri. The young man is terrified, but cannot back out and his suicide, which should be a "noble and dignified act," is gruesome as he has to disembowel himself with a blade made from bamboo, because he had previously sold his sword.

The young man's father-in-law sets out to avenge the youth's death and, true to his warrior's code, humiliates the man who persecuted the boy, kills many of the man's samurai, and finally ends by taking his own life by harakiri.

The scene in which a young samurai (Akira Ishihara) commits harakiri created a storm of protest because of its horror. Said one critic, "For absolute gore, this scene surpasses anything ever before filmed in Japan, or elsewhere. The bamboo rips into the man's stomach; blood spurts from the gash, and sweat streams from his contorted face. In vain he pleads for the *coup-de-grace* from the attendant swordsman, but this he is refused by his persecutors who watch impassively. In his agony he bits off his tongue before he dies. Filled with an excruciating attention to bloody detail, this scene has audiences breaking out into perspiration and even swooning."

HARAKIRI







HISTORY OF

Movie Horror

PART ONE

WHAT IS A horror film? Its definition is really "one which 'shocks' an audience, through physical violence, unnatural occurrences, supernatural happenings, the acts of tyrannical madmen or of maniacal idealists. But as a description, this can be applied to such a wide variety of subjects that, apart from applying some measure of shock to the nervous system, they have no common element. A true "horror" film, of course, is certainly one in which the central character is a fiend, an evil to be destroyed; thus the figureheads of the horror film are the Draculas and Frankenstein monsters which prove a nightmare threat to the existence of a civilized society, indulging in violence and murder sometimes only for their own satisfaction.

Like a certain drink, horror films, say some psychiatrists, can be good for you. "Too much horror, like an excessive

indulgence of any other human appetite, may not be good for one; but it is as important to realize that it sharpens our reactions to danger." And it is to this danger that an audience responds most quickly: fear is the most acute of human responses, a thing you live with from the tender age at which you first sense what is going on around you.

Local superstitions and customs have their roots in fear: one of the earliest encounters a child has with this fear is in their fairy tales: the wolf in Grandma's clothing terrorizing Red Riding Hood, the Giant atop the beanstalk, the wicked barons, the ogres... a child's world can turn into a nightmare fantasy. At bedtime children may will be told of the "Ghouls and ghosts and things that go bump in the night" and conjure up frightening apparitions of their own in disturbed sleep.

Horror films are an extension of this child-fantasy: the nightmare visions which could intrude on reality. The novelist creates a horror fantasy that has its own world: the film-maker on the other hand presents a horror that to the viewer is real... it is there in front of him. He cannot escape by waking up, or by putting down a book—only by leaving the theater. He is a prisoner of whatever horror the film-maker presents to him, until such time as the "evil" is destroyed and humanity can breathe with relief for a time... until the next sinister creature threatens their existence.

BUT IT WAS really in Germany that the "horror" film received its first big impetus. The gothic architecture, the towering castles, the unknown menace of the Black Forest, provoked an atmos-

phere of foreboding, of the dark and sinister, or evil. In 1913 *The Student of Prague* which drew on both Edgar Allan Poe and the Faust legend for its material, with its story about a sorcerer who creates a "mirror image" of a poor student, and sends this phantom out to rival and crush the student, started off a cycle of sinister films that was to last for a quarter of a century in Germany. The next year *The Golem*, about a Rabbi in Prague who brings a clay statue to life by putting a magic sign over its heart, with a climax in which the statue destroys everything in its path and ends up toppling from a tall tower, really opened out a great new world to the filmmaker.

It was in 1916 that the forerunners of the two arch-figures of the horror films

made their first appearance—Frankenstein's monster and Dracula. *Homunculus* (1916) was the forerunner of the Frankenstein creature, in which a man changes from an outcast to a destructive monster which is finally destroyed by a thunderbolt. *A Night of Horror* was the forerunner of the Dracula films, dealing with a night among the "gray people" of superstition. The same year also saw a "phantom" taking revenge on people who trespass on his Silesian mountain in *Rubezahl's Marriage*. *Yogi* was the first film to use the "magic" of footprints being made by an invisible being, and blood dropping from an unseen victim. In 1918, the great Continental actress, Pola Negri, appeared in a film with horror overtones, *The Eyes of the Mummy*.

But, of course, all the films of the silent era the most famous is *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (1919) which had a sinister doctor controlling a somnambulist who lay rigid in a coffin by day and created a reign of terror at night.

Dracula himself made his first screen appearance in 1922, under the name of Count Orlock in *Nosferatu*, a *Symphony of Terror*, which was based on Bram Stoker's *Dracula*. The count in this had claws, pointed ears and staring eyes (see photography) and met his end by being destroyed by the rays of the sun.

BUT OF COURSE, horror is not always taken seriously; and like everything else, it depends on the conviction put into a film as to whether an audience



will shiver in response to it, or ridicule it. The cinema creates its Frankenstein monster, its Dracula, its Godzilla, its werewolf, then diminishes the impact of these by letting the same ideas drift into second-rate copies with *The Return of Frankenstein*, of *Droculu*, of *Godzilla*; and ultimately into the *Son of*, *Daughter of*, or *Ghost* of these creatures. From here on the gimmicks take over as other creatures are dreamed up: the zombies, bat men, wolf men, vampires, warlocks, crab monsters, 50 ft. Women, the Beasts (of Hollow Mountain, from 20,000 Fathoms, with a Million Eyes, etc.), the

making horror films. Movies were two decades old before film-makers set about chilling audiences with excursions into the supernatural, or into a world of nightmare creations.

It really had its beginning in the fantasy film. That great French pioneer of films, Georges Melies, had been a stage magician before turning to developing the camera into a vehicle for making moving pictures. When he started making films, he declared his intention of producing ones that would astound and mystify his audience. The length of these films was generally under a hundred feet, and were produced in his own back garden. He made things like *The Vanishing Lady*, *The Haunted Castle* and *The Laboratory of Mephistopheles*; and "magical, mystical and trick films" like *Black Art*.

IN AMERICA, there were few horror films during the silent era, apart from minor adaptations of the work of Edgar Allan Poe, and the real development of cinematic horror in the States came via foreign influence, when the continental director Paul Leni made *The Cat and the Canary*, a creepy thriller about the relatives of an old man who arrives at his eerie mansion to hear the reading of his will, while a hideous, one-eyed creature with claw hands tries to kill the heroine, appearing and disappearing through secret panels. Leni continued to chill audiences with *The Chinese Parrot*, *The Man Who Laughs*, and *The Last Warning*.

But it was near the end of the silent era, and the beginning of talkies that the real "horror" emerged: Long Chaney with his *Phantom of the Opera* and gruesome characters in many other films; Bela Lugosi as *Dracula*, repeating the role he had already played on stage; Boris Karloff, an unknown actor who shot to world fame with his monster in *Frankenstein* (1931).

The 'thirties and 'forties saw a flood of horror films, ranging from the terrifying to the ridiculous. The titles ranged from *The Bride of Frankenstein*, *Son of Frankenstein*, and *Frankenstein Meets the Wolf-Man* to *The Vampire Bat*, *The Mark of the Vampire*, and *Dracula's Daughter*. Then, after a long run, there was a trend to the farcical with *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein* and *Old Mather Riley Meets the Vampire*.

During the late 'thirties, another favorite made its first appearance: *The Mummy*, which returned in the 'forties, in *The Mummy's Curse* and *The Mummy's Ghost*.

The horror film was relatively dormant for a while, the main reason probably that people were so sickened by the aftermath of the war, by Hiroshima, by the revelations of the concentration camps, that they didn't want to see any more "horror."

But you can't keep a good monster down, and so the creatures reappeared in low-budget features with titles that fired the audience's imagination more than the films did: *The Amazing Colossal Man*, *The Monster that Challenged the World*, *The Creeping Unknown* and so on.

In 1957, it was Britain's turn to decide that there was to be a new, fresh cycle, even if the stories were the same, and they set about remaking some of the old favorites, this time adding the wide screen and color treatment. First to be overhauled was Frankenstein's Monster in *The Curse of Frankenstein* with Peter Cushing as the Baron and Chris Lee as the Creature, and subsequently we had *The Revenge of Frankenstein* and *The Evil of Frankenstein*.

In 1958, another old fiend returned in *Dracula* with Christopher Lee as the Count. David Peel took over his role in *The Brides of Dracula*, and then Noel Willman lent the master-vampire figure great dignity in *The Kiss of the Vampire*.

BUT AMERICAN film-makers were not short of ideas either. They turned to two main sources for their stories: science-fiction and that great American writer Edgar Allan Poe. The recent cycle of Poe films—there have now been eight made in seven years—brought in horror with a difference; it was developing its own brand of intelligence, almost of sophistication. No longer was the arch villain really villainous; he was an idealist who is put upon by fate, who is the victim of others people's conniving, hate, and maliciousness. He is almost a tragic hero figure, lent great humanitarian depth by that excellent actor, Vincent Price. Science-fiction on the other hand, provided film-makers with the scientific experiment which has "gone wrong" in creating its own monster—*The Fly*, *The Return of the Fly*.

But in the end, it will be the same two stalwarts who will outlast any other horror—Frankenstein's Creation and Dracula. The other monsters, werewolves and beasts may come and go, but Frankenstein's and Dracula go on forever. They have come to mean so much that no matter what inglorious ends are devised for them, they will always remain with us: the one a poor, mistreated creation who doesn't really man to create all the havoc he causes, whose violence stems from other people's stupidity; the other a suave, debonaire sophisticate who settles for the pretestiest damsels for his survival. There's a little of FM and D in all of us.

This is just a general introduction to a series of articles, in which I will trace the history of the horror film in detail. In the next issue, there will be a detailed account of the history of horror and its relation to the first attempts of film-makers to put horror on the screen.



Creatures (from the Black Lagoon, with the Atom Brain, etc.), the Undead, and creatures of all other sizes ranging from ape-like animals to mussels resembling gigantic tapioca pudding.

With its monsters, so the horror film has developed its own stars: the legendary names of Lon Chaney (the Man with a Thousand Faces), Bela Lugosi (the aristocrat of vampires), Boris Karloff (the king of Monsters, a title he has inherited from his famed Frankenstein Monster—a role which, in fact, he played only three times on film, in the 'thirties), and Lon Chaney Jr. More recently we have seen Christopher Lee take over as the Monster, meeting all manners of grisly ends; and Peter Cushing as the archcriminal who creates evil or, on the other hand as the arch-crusader against evil—he is a man with a two-sided cloak.

But oddly enough, in the early days of films there were very few attempts at

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What's this? A new Mummy? No, it's just Jerry Lewis creating a little hospital havoc in his new film, **THE DISORDERLY ORDERLY**.



Laid out to rest: an actor finds a new way of resting between scenes, as he stretches out on the coffin used for **THE HOUSE AT THE END OF THE WORLD**.



A NEW MONSTER?

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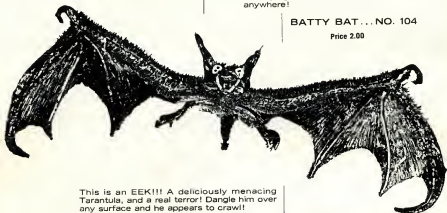
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